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SERTUM

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SIR THOMAS MORE
(Holbein's picture of the More family)

Sertum

A Garland of Prose Narratives

Selected and Edited by

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AND

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Book II
Nineteenth Century

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FRONTISPIECE

Portrait of Sir Thomas More. From the picture of the More family
painted by Hans Holbein the younger

BOOK II.

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY (1815-1881), Dean of Westminster, was a scholar and historian, with a great love for picturesque scenes and incidents in history, and a power of describing them vividly. This extract and the following one are taken from his *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*.

WE all like to know where a famous man has been educated; and in the case of Edward the Black Prince we know the place, and also see the reason why it was chosen. Any of you who have been at Oxford will remember the long line of buildings which overlook the beautiful curve of High Street, the building of "Queen's College," the College of the Queen. At the time of which I speak, that college was the greatest—two others only in any regular collegiate form existed in Oxford. It had but just been founded by the chaplain of Queen Philippa, and took its name from her. There it was that, according to tradition, the Prince of Wales, her son, as in the next generation Henry V., was brought up. If we look at the events which followed, he could hardly have been twelve years old when he went. 20 But there were then no schools in England, and their place was almost entirely supplied by the

universities. Queen's College is much altered in every way since the little Prince went there; but they still keep an engraving of the vaulted room which he is said to have occupied; and though most of the old customs which prevailed in the college, and which made it a very peculiar place even then, have long since disappeared, some which are mentioned by the founder, and which therefore must have been in use when the Prince was there, still
10 continue. You may still hear the students summoned to dinner, as he was, by the sound of a trumpet, and in the hall you may still see, as he saw, the Fellows sitting all on one side of the table, with the Head of the College in the centre, in imitation of "the Last Supper," as it is commonly represented in pictures. The very names of the Head and the twelve Fellows (the number first appointed by the founder, in likeness of our Lord and the Apostles), who were presiding over the college
20 when the Prince was there, are known to us. He must have seen what has long since vanished away, the thirteen beggars, deaf, dumb, maimed or blind, daily brought into the hall to receive their dole of bread, beer, pottage and fish. He must have seen the seventy poor scholars, instituted after the example of the seventy disciples, and learning from their two chaplains to chant the service. He must have heard the mill within or hard by the college-walls, grinding the Fellows' bread. He must have
30 seen the porter of the college going round the rooms betimes in the morning to shave the beards and

wash the heads of the Fellows. In these and many other curious particulars, we can tell exactly what the customs and appearance of the College were when the Prince was there. It is more difficult to answer another question which we always wish to know about famous men—Who were his companions? An old tradition (unfortunately beset with doubts) points to one youth, at that time in Oxford, and at Queen's College, whom we shall all recognize as an old acquaintance—John Wycliffe, the first English 10 Reformer, and the first translator of the Bible into English. He would have been a poor boy, in a threadbare coat, and devoted to study, and the Prince probably never exchanged looks or words with him. But it is almost certain that he must have seen him, and it is interesting to remember that once, at least, in their lives, the great soldier of the age had crossed the path of the great Reformer. Each thought and cared little for the other; their characters and pursuits and sympathies were as 20 different as were their stations in life; let us be thankful if we have learned to understand them both, and see what was good in each, far better than they did themselves.

We now pass to the next events of his life; those which have really made him almost as famous in war as Wycliffe had been in peace—the two great battles of Cressy and of Poitiers. I will not now go into the origin of the war, of which these two battles formed the turning-points. It is enough for us to 30 remember that it was undertaken by Edward III.

to gain the crown of France, through a pretended claim—for it was no more than a pretended claim—through his mother. And now, first, for Cressy.

It was Saturday, the 26th of August, 1346, and it was at four in the afternoon that the battle commenced. The French army advanced from the south-east, after a hard day's march to overtake the retiring enemy. All, from the King down to the 10 peasants on the road, went crying "Kill, kill!" and were in a state of the greatest excitement, drawing their swords, and thinking they were sure of their prey. What the French King chiefly relied upon (besides his great numbers) was the troop of fifteen thousand cross-bowmen from Genoa. These were made to stand in front; when, just as the engagement was about to take place, one of those extraordinary incidents occurred which often turn the fate of battles, as they do of human life in 20 general. A tremendous storm gathered from the west, and broke in thunder, and rain, and hail on the field of battle. The sky was darkened, and the horror was increased by the hoarse cries of crows and ravens which fluttered before the storm, and struck terror into the hearts of the Italian bowmen, who were unaccustomed to these northern tempests. And when at last the sky had cleared, and they prepared their cross-bows to shoot, the strings had been made so wet by the rain that they could not draw 30 them. By this time the evening sun streamed out in full splendour over the black clouds of the

western sky, right in their faces; and at the same moment the English archers, who had kept their bows in cases during the storm, and so had their strings dry, let fly their arrows so fast and thick that those who were present could only compare it to snow or sleet. Through and through the heads and necks and hands of the Genoese bowmen the arrows pierced. Unable to stand it, they turned and fled; and from that moment the panic and confusion was so great that the day was lost. 10

But though the storm, and the sun, and the archers had their part, we must not forget the Prince. He was, we must remember, only sixteen, and yet he commanded the whole English army. It is said that the reason of this was, that the King of France had been so bent on destroying the English forces, that he had hoisted the Sacred Banner of France—the great scarlet flag, embroidered with golden lilies, called the Oriflamme—as a sign that no quarter would be given; and that when 20 King Edward saw this, and saw the hazard to which he should expose, not only the army, but the whole kingdom, if he were to fall in battle, he determined to leave it to his son. Certain it is that, for whatever reason, he remained on a little hill on the outskirts of the field, and the young Prince, who had been knighted a month before, went forward with his companions in arms into the very thick of the fray; and when his father saw that the victory was virtually gained, he forebore 30 to interfere. “Let the child *win his spurs*,” he

said, in words which have since become a proverb, "and *let the day be his.*" The Prince was in very great danger at one moment; he was wounded and thrown to the ground, and only saved by Richard de Beaumont, who carried the great banner of Wales, throwing the banner over the boy as he lay on the ground, and standing upon it till he had driven back the assailants. The assailants were driven back, and far through the long summer
10 evening, and deep into the summer night, the battle raged. It was not till all was dark that the Prince and his companions halted from their pursuit; and then huge fires and torches were lit up, that the King might see where they were. And then took place the touching interview between the father and the son; the King embracing the boy in front of the whole army, by the red light of the blazing fires, and saying, "*Sweet son, God give you good perseverance; you are my true son—right royally have*
20 *you acquitted yourself this day, and worthy are you of a crown*"; and the young Prince, after the reverential manner of those times, "bowed to the ground, and gave all the honour to the King his father." The next day the King walked over the field of carnage with the Prince and said, "*What think you of a battle? Is it an agreeable game?*"

The general result of the battle was the deliverance of the English army from a most imminent danger, and subsequently the conquest of
30 Calais, which the King immediately besieged and won, and which remained in the possession of the

English from that day to the reign of Queen Mary. From that time the Prince became the darling of the English, and the terror of the French; and, whether from this terror, or from the black armour which he wore on that day, he was called by them "Le Prince Noir,"—the Black Prince, and from them the name has passed to us; so that all his other sounding titles by which the old poems call him—"Prince of Wales, Duke of Aquitaine,"—are lost in the one memorable name which he won for 10 himself in his first fight at Cressy.

And now we pass over ten years, and find him on the field of Poitiers. Again we must ask, what brought him there, and why the battle was fought. He was this time alone; his father, though the war had rolled on since the battle of Cressy, was in England. But, in other respects, the beginning of the fight was very like that of Cressy. Gascony belonged to him by right, and from this he made a descent into the neighbouring provinces, and was on 20 his return home, when the King of France—John, the son of Philip—pursued him as his father had pursued Edward III., and overtook him suddenly on the high upland fields, which extend for many miles south of the city of Poitiers. It is the third great battle which has been fought in that neighbourhood—the first was that in which Clovis defeated the Goths, and established the faith in the creed of Athanasius throughout Europe—the second was that in which Charles Martel drove back the 30 Saracens, and saved Europe from Mahometanism—

the third was this, the most brilliant of English victories over the French. The spot, which is about six miles south of Poitiers, is still known by the name of the battle-field. Its features are very slightly marked—two ridges of rising ground, parted by a gentle hollow; behind the highest of these two ridges is a large tract of copse and underwood, and leading up to it from the hollow is a somewhat steep lane, there shut in by woods and vines on
10 each side. It was on this ridge that the Prince had taken up his position, and it was solely by the good use he made of this position that the victory was won. The French army was arranged on the other side of the hollow in three great divisions, of which the King's was the hindmost. It was on Monday, September 19th, 1356, at 9 A.M., that the battle began. All the Sunday had been taken up by fruitless endeavours of Cardinal Talleyrand to save the bloodshed, by bringing the King and
20 Prince to terms; a fact to be noticed for two reasons; first, "because it shows the sincere desire which animated the clergy of those times, in the midst of all their faults, to promote peace and goodwill amongst the savage men with whom they lived; and secondly, because the refusal of the French King and Prince to be persuaded shows, on this occasion, the confidence of victory which had possessed them.

The Prince offered to give up all the castles and
30 prisoners he had taken, and to swear not to fight in France again for seven years. But the King

would hear of nothing but his absolute surrender of himself and his army on the spot. The Cardinal laboured till the very last moment, and then rode back to Poitiers, having equally offended both parties. The story of the battle, if we remember the position of the armies, is told in a moment. The Prince remained firm in his position; the French charged with their usual chivalrous ardour—charged up the lane; the English archers, whom the Prince had stationed behind the hedges at each 10 side, let fly their showers of arrows, as at Cressy; in an instant the lane was choked with the dead; and the first check of such headstrong confidence was fatal. The Prince in his turn charged; a general panic seized the whole French army; the first and second division fled in the wildest confusion; the third alone, where King John stood, made a gallant resistance; the King was taken prisoner, and by noon the whole was over. Up to the gates of the town of Poitiers the French army 20 fled and fell, and their dead bodies were buried by heaps within a convent which still remains in the city. It was a wonderful day. It was 8000 to 60,000; the Prince, who had gained the battle, was still only twenty-six, that is, a year younger than Napoleon at the beginning of his campaigns; and the battle was distinguished from all others by the number, not of the slain, but of the prisoners—one Englishman often taking four or five Frenchmen.

Perhaps, however, the best-known part of the 30 whole is the scene where the King first met the

Prince in the evening, which cannot be better described than by old Froissart.

“The day of the battle at night, the Prince gave a supper in his lodgings to the French King, and to most of the great Lords that were prisoners. The Prince caused the King and his son to sit at one table, and other lords, knights, and squires at the others; and the Prince always served the King very humbly, and would not sit at the King’s table, 10 although he requested him—he said he was not qualified to sit at the table with so great a prince as the King was. Then he said to the King, ‘Sir, for God’s sake make no bad cheer; though your will was not accomplished this day. For, Sir, the King, my father, will certainly bestow on you as much honour and friendship as he can, and will agree with you so reasonably that you shall ever after be friends; and, Sir, I think you ought to rejoice, though the battle be not as you will, for you have this day 20 gained the high honour of prowess, and have surpassed all others on your side in valour. Sir, I say not this in raillery, for all our party, who saw every man’s deeds, agree in this, and give you the palm and the chaplet.’

“Therewith the Frenchmen whispered among themselves that the Prince had spoken nobly, and that most probably he would prove a great hero, if God preserved his life, to persevere in such good fortune.”

THE MURDER OF BECKET.

THE Castle of Bur, near Bayeux, was a place already famous in history as the scene of the interview between William and Henry, when the oath was perfidiously exacted and sworn which led to the Conquest of England. Henry was here when all manner of rumours about Becket's proceedings reached his ears. He besought the advice of the three prelates—those of York, London, and Salisbury. The Archbishop of York answered cautiously, "Ask counsel from your barons and knights; it is 10 not for us to say what must be done." A pause ensued; and then it was added—whether by Roger or by some one else does not clearly appear—"As long as Thomas lives, you will have neither good days, nor peaceful kingdom, nor quiet life." The words goaded the king into one of those paroxysms of fury to which all the earlier Plantagenet princes were subject, and which was believed by themselves to arise from a mixture of demoniacal blood in their race. Henry himself is said at these moments to 20 have become like a wild beast; his eyes, naturally dove-like and quiet, seemed to flash lightning; his hands struck and tore whatever came in their way: on one occasion he flew at a messenger who brought him bad tidings, to tear out his eyes; at another time

he is represented as having flung down his cap, torn off his clothes, thrown the silk coverlet from his bed, and rolled upon it, gnawing the straw and rushes. Of such a kind was the frenzy he showed upon the present occasion. "A fellow," he exclaimed, "that has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me—a fellow that I loaded with benefits dares insult the King and the whole royal family, and tramples on the whole kingdom—a fellow that
10 came to court on a lame horse, with a cloak for a saddle, sits without hindrance on the throne itself. What sluggard wretches," he burst forth again and again; "what cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!"—and, with these fatal words, he rushed out of the room.

There were present among the courtiers four knights, whose names long lived in the memory
20 of men, and every ingenuity was exercised to extract from them an evil augury of the deed which has made them famous—Reginald Fitzurse, "son of the Bear," and of truly "bear-like" character (so the Canterbury monks represented it); Hugh de Moreville, "of the city of death"; William de Tracy—a brave soldier, it was said, but "of parricidal wickedness"; Richard le Bret—more fit, they say, to have been called the "Brute." They are all described as on familiar terms with the King himself, and some-
30 times, in official language, as gentlemen of the bed-chamber. These four knights left Bur on the night

of the King's fury. They then, it was thought, proceeded by different roads to the French coast, and crossed the channel on the following day; and all four arrived at the same hour at the fortress of Saltwood Castle, now occupied by Becket's chief enemy, Dan Randolph of Broc, who came out to welcome them. In the darkness of the night—the long winter night of the 28th of December—it was believed that, with candles extinguished, and not even seeing each other's faces, the scheme was con- 10
certed. Early in the morning of the next day they issued orders in the King's name for a troop of soldiers to be levied from the neighbourhood to march with them to Canterbury. They themselves mounted their chargers and galloped along the old Roman road from Lymne to Canterbury. They proceeded instantly to St. Augustine's Abbey, outside the walls, and took up their quarters with Clarembald, the Abbot.

It was Tuesday, the 29th of December. Tuesday, 20
his friends remarked, had always been a significant day in Becket's life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized—on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton—on a Tuesday he had left England on his exile—on a Tuesday he had received warning of his martyrdom in a vision at Pontigny—on a Tuesday he had returned from that exile—it was now on a Tuesday that the fatal hour came—and (as the next generation observed) it was on a Tuesday that his enemy King Henry was buried—on a Tues- 30
day that the martyr's relics were translated—and

Tuesday was long afterwards regarded as the week day especially consecrated to the saint, with whose fortunes it had thus been so strangely interwoven. Other omens were remarked. A soldier who was in the plot whispered to one of the cellarmen of the Priory that the Archbishop would not see the evening of Tuesday. Becket only smiled. A citizen of Canterbury had told him that there were several in England who were bent on his death ; to which he
10 answered, with tears, that he knew he should not be killed out of church. He himself had told several persons in France that he was convinced he should not outlive the year, and in two days the year would be ended.

Whether these evil auguries weighed upon his mind, or whether his attendants afterwards ascribed to his words a more serious meaning than they really bore, the day opened with gloomy forebodings. Before the break of dawn, the Archbishop startled
20 the clergy of his bedchamber by asking whether it would be possible for any one to escape to Sandwich before daylight, and on being answered in the affirmative, added, "Let any one escape who wishes." That morning he attended mass in the cathedral ; then passed a long time in the chapter-house, confessing to two of the monks, and receiving, as seems to have been the custom, three scourgings. Then came the usual banquet in the great hall of the Palace at three in the afternoon. He was observed
30 to drink more than usual, and his cup-bearer in a whisper reminded him of it. "He who has much

blood to shed," answered Becket, "must drink much."

The dinner was now over ; the concluding hymn or "grace" was finished ; and Becket had retired to his private room, where he sat on his bed, talking with his friends ; whilst the servants, according to the practice which is still preserved in our old collegiate establishments, remained in the hall making their meal of the broken meat which was left. The floor of the hall was strewn with fresh 10 hay and straw, to accommodate with clean places those who could not find room on the benches ; and the crowd of beggars and poor, who daily received their food from the Archbishop, had gone into the outer yard, and were lingering before their final dispersion. It was at this moment that the four knights dismounted in the court before the hall, the doors were all open, and they passed through the crowd without opposition. Either to avert suspicion or from deference to the feeling of the time, which forbade 20 the entrance of armed men into the peaceful precincts of the cathedral, they left their weapons behind, and their coats of mail were concealed by the usual cloak and gown, the dress of ordinary life. One attendant, Radulf, an archer, followed them. They were generally known as courtiers ; and the servants invited them to partake of the remains of the feast. They declined, and were pressing on, when, at the foot of the staircase leading from the hall to the Archbishop's room, they were met by 30 William Fitz-Nigel, the seneschal, who had just

parted from the Primate with a permission to leave his service, and join the King in France. When he saw the knights, whom he immediately recognized, he ran forward and gave them the usual kiss of salutation, and at their request ushered them into the room where Becket sate. "My lord," he said, "here are four knights from King Henry, wishing to speak to you." "Let them come in," said Becket. It must have been a solemn moment, even
10 for those rough men, when they first found themselves in the presence of the Archbishop. Three of them—Hugh de Moreville, Reginald Fitzurse, and William de Tracy—had known him long before in the days of his splendour as Chancellor and favourite of the king. He was still in the vigour of his strength, though in his fifty-third year; his countenance, if we may judge of it from the accounts at the close of the day, still retained its majestic and striking aspect; his eyes were large and piercing,
20 and always glancing to and fro; and his tall figure, though really spare and thin, had a portly look from the number of wrappings which he wore beneath his ordinary clothes. Round about him sat or lay on the floor the clergy of the household.

When the four knights appeared, Becket, without looking at them, pointedly continued his conversation with the monk who sate next him, and on whose shoulder he was leaning. They, on their part, entered without a word, beyond a greeting ex-
30 changed in a whisper with the attendant who stood near the door, and then marched straight to where

the Archbishop sate, and placed themselves on the floor at his feet, among the clergy who were reclining around. Becket now turned round for the first time, and gazed stedfastly on each in silence, which he at last broke by saluting Tracy by name. The conspirators continued to look mutely at each other, till Fitzurse, who took the lead, replied with a scornful expression, "God help you!" Becket's face grew crimson, and he glanced round at their countenances, which seemed to gather fire from Fitzurse's 10 speech. Fitzurse again broke forth—"We have a message from the King over the water—tell us whether you will hear it in private or in the hearing of all." "As you wish," said the Archbishop. "Nay, as *you* wish," said Fitzurse. "Nay, as *you* wish," said Becket. The monks at the Archbishop's intimation withdrew into an adjoining room; but the doorkeeper ran up and kept the door ajar, that they might see from the outside what was going on. Fitzurse had hardly begun his message, when 20 Becket suddenly struck with a consciousness of his danger, exclaimed, "This must not be told in secret," and ordered the doorkeeper to recall the monks. For a few seconds the knights were left alone with Becket; and the thought occurred to them, as they afterwards confessed, of killing him with the cross-staff which lay at his feet—the only weapon within their reach. The monks hurried back, and Fitzurse, apparently calmed by their presence, resumed his statement of the complaints of the King. 30

The Archbishop, in his turn, complained of the

insults he had received. First came the grand grievances of the preceding week. "They have attacked my servants, they have cut off my sumpter-mule's tail, they have carried off the casks of wine that were the King's own gift." It was now that Hugh de Moreville, the gentlest of the four, put in a milder answer; "Why did you not complain to the King of these outrages? Why do you take upon yourself to punish them by your own authority?" The Archbishop turned round sharply upon him; "Hugh, how proudly you lift up your head! When the rights of the Church are violated, I shall wait for no man's permission to avenge them. I will give to the King the things that are the King's; but to God the things that are God's. It is my business, and I alone will see to it." For the first time in the interview the Archbishop had assumed an attitude of defiance; the fury of the knights broke at once through the bonds which had partially restrained it, and displayed itself openly in those impassioned gestures which are now confined to the half-civilised nations of the south and east, but which seem to have been natural to all classes of mediæval Europe. Their eyes flashed fire; they sprang upon their feet, and rushing close up to him, gnashed their teeth, twisted their long gloves, and wildly threw their arms above their heads. Fitzurse exclaimed, "You threaten us, you threaten us; are you going to excommunicate us all?" One of the others added, "As I hope for God's mercy, he shall not do that; he has excommunicated too many

already." The Archbishop also sprang from his couch, in a state of strong excitement. "You threaten me," he said, "in vain; were all the swords in England hanging over my head, you could not terrify me from my obedience to God, and my Lord the Pope. Foot to foot shall you find me in the battle of the Lord. Once I gave way. I returned to my obedience to the Pope, and will never more desert it. And besides you know what there is between you and me; I wonder the more that you 10 should thus threaten the Archbishop in his own house." He alluded to the fealty sworn to him while Chancellor by Moreville, Fitzurse, and Tracy, which touched the tenderest nerve of the feudal character. "There is nothing," they rejoined, with an anger which they doubtless felt to be just and loyal, "there is nothing between you and us which can be against the King."

Roused by the sudden burst of passion on both sides, many of the servants and clergy, with a few 20 soldiers of the household, hastened into the room, and ranged themselves round the Archbishop. Fitzurse turned to them and said, "You are on the King's side, and bound to him by your allegiance: stand off." They remained motionless, and Fitzurse called to them a second time, "Guard him; prevent him from escaping." The Archbishop said, "I shall not escape." On this the knights caught hold of their old acquaintance, William Fitz-Nigel, who had entered with the rest, and hurried him with them, 30 saying, "Come with us." He called out to Becket,

"You see what they are doing with me." "I see," replied Becket; "this is their hour, and the power of darkness." As they stood at the door, they exclaimed, "It is you who threaten," and in a deep under-tone they added some menace, and enjoined on the servants obedience to their orders. With the quickness of hearing for which he was remarkable, he caught the words of their defiance, and darted after them to the door, entreating them to
10 release Fitz-Nigel; then he implored Moreville, as more courteous than the others, to return and repeat their message; and lastly, in despair and indignation, he struck his neck repeatedly with his hand, and said, "Here, here you will find me."

The knights, deaf to his solicitations, kept their course, seizing as they went another soldier, Radulf Morin, and passed through the hall and court, crying, "To arms! to arms!" A few of their companions had already taken post within the great gateway, to
20 prevent the gate being shut; the rest, at the shout, poured in from the house where they were stationed hard by, with the watchword, "King's men! King's men!" The gate was instantly closed, to cut off communication with the town; the Archbishop's porter was removed. The knights threw off their cloaks and gowns under a large sycamore in the garden, appeared in their armour, and girt on their swords. Two of the Archbishop's servants, seeing them approach, shut and barred the door of the
30 hall, and the knights in vain endeavoured to force it open. Some one led them into the orchard behind

the kitchen. There was a staircase leading thence to the ante-chamber, between the hall and the Archbishop's bedroom. The wooden stairs were under repair, and the carpenters had gone to their dinner, leaving their tools on the stairs. Fitzurse seized an axe, and the others hatchets, and thus armed, they mounted the staircase to the ante-chamber, broke through an oriel window which looked out on the garden, entered the hall from the inside, attacked and wounded the servants who were guarding it, 10 and opened the door to the assailants. The Archbishop's room was still barred and inaccessible.

Meanwhile Becket, who resumed his calmness as soon as the knights had retired, reseated himself on his couch, and John of Salisbury again urged moderate counsels, in words which show that the estimate of the Archbishop in his lifetime justifies the impression of his vehement and unreasonable temper which has prevailed in later times. "It is wonderful, my Lord, that you never take any one's advice ; 20 it always has been, and always is your custom, to do and say what seems good to yourself alone." "What would you have me do, Dan John?" said Becket. "You ought to have taken counsel with your friends, knowing as you do that these men only seek occasion to kill you." "I am prepared to die," said Becket. "We are all sinners," said John, "and not yet prepared for death ; and I see no one who wishes to die without cause except you." The Archbishop answered, "Let God's will be done." 30 "Would to God it might end well," sighed John in

despair. The dialogue was interrupted by one of the monks rushing in to announce that the knights were arming. "Let them arm," said Becket. But in a few minutes the violent assault on the door of the hall announced that danger was close at hand. The monks, with that extraordinary timidity which they always seem to have displayed, instantly fled, leaving only a small body of his intimate friends or faithful attendants. They united in entreating him
10 to take refuge in the cathedral. "No!" he said; "fear not; all monks are cowards." On this some sprang upon him, and endeavoured to drag him there by main force; others urged that it was now five o'clock, that vespers were beginning, and that his duty called him to attend the service. Partly forced, partly persuaded by the argument, partly feeling that his own doom called him thither, he rose and moved, but seeing that his cross-staff was not, as usual, borne before him, he stopped and
20 called for it. The whole march was a struggle between the obstinate attempt of the Primate to preserve his dignity, and the frantic eagerness of his attendants to gain the sanctuary. As they urged him forward, he coloured and paused, and repeatedly asked them what they feared. The instant they had passed through the door which led to the cloister, the subordinates flew to bar it behind them, which he as peremptorily forbade. For a few steps he walked firmly on with the cross-bearer and the
30 monks before him; halting once, and looking over his right shoulder, either to see whether the gate

was locked, or else if his enemies were pursuing. Then the same ecclesiastic who had hastened forward to break open the door, called out, "Seize him, and carry him!" Vehemently he resisted, but in vain. Some pulled him from before, others pushed him from behind; half carried, half drawn, he was borne along the northern and eastern cloister, crying out, "Let me go, do not drag me." Thrice they were delayed, even in that short passage, for thrice he broke loose from them—twice in the cloister 10 itself, and once in the chapter-house. At last they reached the door at the lower north transept of the cathedral, and here was presented a new scene.

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing the service in the choir, when two boys rushed up the nave, announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and monastery. Instantly the service was thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer— 20 part fled into the numerous hiding-places the vast fabric affords; and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept to meet the little band at the door. "Come in, come in!" exclaimed one of them; "come in, and let us die together." The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said, "Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I shall not come in." They fell back a few paces, and he stepped within the door, but, finding the whole place thronged with people, 30 he paused on the threshold and asked, "What is

it that these people fear?" One general answer broke forth, "The armed men in the cloister." As he turned and said, "I shall go out to them," he heard the clash of arms behind. The knights had just forced their way into the cloister, and were now (as would appear from their being thus seen through the open door) advancing along its southern side. They were in mail, which covered their faces up to the eyes, and carried their swords drawn. Three had
10 hatchets. Fitzurse, with the axe he had taken from the carpenters, was foremost, shouting as he came, "Here, here, king's men!" Immediately behind him followed Robert Fitzranulph, with three other knights; and a motley group, with weapons, brought up the rear. At this sight, so unwonted in the peaceful cloisters of Canterbury, not probably beheld since the time when the monastery had been sacked by the Danes, the monks within, regardless of all remonstrances, shut the door of the cathedral, and
20 proceeded to barricade it with iron bars. A loud knocking was heard from the terrified crowd without, who, having vainly endeavoured to prevent the entrance of the knights into the cloister, now rushed before them to take refuge in the church. Becket, who had stepped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling aloud as he went, "Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command
30 you not to shut the door—the church must not be turned into a castle." With his own hands he

thrust them away from the door, opened it himself, and catching hold of the excluded monks, dragged them into the building, exclaiming, "Come in, come in—faster, faster!"

At this moment the ecclesiastics who had hitherto clung around him fled in every direction; some to the altars in the numerous side chapels, some to the secret chambers with which the walls and roof of the cathedral are filled. Three alone remained with him. Two hiding-places had been specially pointed 10 out to the Archbishop. One was the venerable crypt of the church, with its many dark recesses and chapels, to which a door then as now opened immediately from the spot where he stood; the other was the chapel of St. Blaise in the roof. But he positively refused. One last resource remained to the staunch companions who stood by him. They urged him to ascend to the choir, and hurried him, still resisting, up one of the two flights of steps which led thither. They no doubt considered that 20 the greater sacredness of that portion of the church would form their best protection. Becket seems to have given way, as in leaving the palace, from the thought flashing across his mind that he would die at his post. He would go (such, at least, was the impression left on their minds) to the high altar, and perish in the Patriarchal Chair, in which he and all his predecessors from time immemorial had been enthroned. But this was not to be.

What has taken long to describe must have been 30 compressed in action within a few minutes. The

knights, who had been checked for a moment by the sight of the closed door, on seeing it unexpectedly thrown open, rushed into the church. It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening; the shades of night were gathering, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the vast cathedral, which was only illuminated here and there by the solitary lamps burning before the altars. The twilight, lengthening
10 from the shortest day a fortnight before, was just sufficient to reveal the outline of objects. The transept in which the knights found themselves is the same as that which—though with considerable changes in its arrangements—is still known by its ancient name of “The Martyrdom.” At the moment of their entrance the central pillar exactly intercepted their view of the Archbishop ascending the eastern staircase. Fitzurse, with his drawn sword in one hand, and the carpenter’s axe in the other,
20 sprang in first, and turned at once to the right of the pillar. The other three went round it to the left. In the dim twilight they could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps. One of the knights called out to them, “Stay.” Another, “Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the king?” No answer was returned. Fitzurse rushed forward, and stumbling against one of the monks, on the lower step, still not able to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed, “Where is the Archbishop?”
30 Instantly the answer came—“Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the Archbishop and Priest of God;

what do you wish?"—and from the fourth step which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head—noticed apparently as his peculiar manner in moments of excitement—Becket descended to the transept. Attired, we are told, in his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, he thus suddenly confronted his assailants. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing by him took up his station between the central pillar and the massive wall which still 10 forms the south-west corner of what was then the Chapel of St. Benedict. Here they gathered round him, with the cry, "Absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated." "I cannot do other than I have done," he replied, and turning to Fitzurse, he added—"Reginald, you have received many favours at my hands; why do you come into my church armed?" Fitzurse planted the axe against his breast, and returned for answer, "You shall die—I will tear out your heart." Another, perhaps in 20 kindness, struck him between the shoulders with the flat of the sword, exclaiming, "Fly; you are a dead man." "I am ready to die," replied the Primate, "for God and the Church; but I warn you, I curse you in the name of God Almighty, if you do not let my men escape."

The well-known horror which in that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next 30 few moments to carrying him out of the church.

Fitzurse threw down his axe, and tried to draw him out by the collar of his long cloak, calling, "Come with us—you are our prisoner." "I will not fly, you detestable fellow," was Becket's reply, roused to his usual vehemence, and wrenching the cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. The three knights struggled violently to put him on Tracy's shoulders. Becket set his back against the pillar, and resisted with all his might. In the scuffle Becket fastened upon
10 Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and exerting his great strength, flung him down on the pavement. It was hopeless to carry on the attempt to remove him. And in the final struggle, which now began, Fitzurse, as before, took the lead. But, as he approached with his drawn sword, the sight of him kindled afresh the Archbishop's anger, now heated by the fray; the spirit of the Chancellor rose within him, and with a coarse epithet, not calculated to turn away his adversary's wrath, he exclaimed,
20 "You profligate wretch, you are my man—you have done me fealty—you ought not to touch me." Fitzurse, glowing all over with rage, retorted, "I owe you no fealty or homage, contrary to my fealty to the king," and, waving the sword over his head, cried, "Strike, strike," but merely dashed off his cap. The Archbishop covered his eyes with his joined hands, bent his neck, and said, "I commend my cause, and the cause of the Church to God, to St. Denys the martyr of France, to St. Alfege, and
30 to the saints of the Church." Meanwhile Tracy sprang forward and struck a more decided blow.

Grim, one of the Archbishop's attendants, who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up, wrapped in a cloak, to intercept the blade, Becket exclaiming, "Spare this defence." The sword lighted on the arm of the monk, and he fled disabled to the nearest altar. The spent force of the stroke descended on Becket's head, grazed the crown, and finally rested on his left shoulder. The next blow, by Tracy or Fitzurse, was only with the flat of the sword, and again on the bleeding head, 10 which Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees—his arms falling—with his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, which might just 20 have been caught by the wounded Grim, who was crouching close by, and who alone reports the words, "For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die." Without moving hand or foot, he fell flat on his face, as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow, accompanied with the exclamation (in allusion 30 to a quarrel of Becket with Prince William), "Take

this for love of my lord William, brother of the king." The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head—which was of unusual size—was severed from the skull, and the sword snapt in two on the marble pavement. Then Hugh of Horsea thrust his sword into the ghastly wound and scattered the brains over the pavement. "Let us go, let us go," he said, in confusion; "the traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

10 This was the final act. One only of the four knights had struck no blow. Hugh de Moreville throughout retained the gentler disposition for which he was distinguished, and contented himself with holding back at the entrance of the transept the crowds who were pouring in through the nave.

The murderers rushed out of the church, through the cloisters, into the palace. Tracy, in a confession made long afterwards to the Bishop of Exeter, said that their spirits, which had before been raised to
20 the highest pitch of excitement, gave way when the deed was perpetrated, and that they retired with trembling steps, expecting the earth to open and swallow them up. Such, however, was not their outward demeanour, as it was recollected by the monks of the place. With a savage burst of triumph they ran shouting, as if in battle, the watchword of the Kings of England—"The king's men, the king's men!"—wounding as they went a servant of the Archdeacon of Sens for lamenting the murdered
30 prelate. They then traversed the whole of the palace, plundering gold and silver vases; the mag-

nificent vestments, and utensils employed in the services of the church; and lastly, the horses from the stables, on which Becket had prided himself to the last, and on which they rode off. The amount of plunder was estimated by Fitzstephen at 2000 marks. To their great surprise, they found two haircloths among the effects of the Archbishop, and threw them away. As the murderers left the cathedral, a tremendous storm of thunder and rain burst over Canterbury, and the night fell in thick 10 darkness upon the scene of the dreadful deed.

The crowd was every instant increased by the multitudes flocking in from the town on the tidings of the event. At last, however, the cathedral was cleared and the gates shut, and for a time the body lay entirely deserted. It was not till the night had quite closed in that Osbert, the chamberlain of the Archbishop, entering with a light, found the corpse lying on its face, the scalp hanging by a piece of skin: he cut off a piece of his shirt to bind 20 up the frightful gash. The doors of the cathedral were again opened, and the monks returned to the spot. Then, for the first time, they ventured to give way to their grief, and a loud lamentation resounded through the stillness of the night. When they turned the body with its face upwards, all were struck by the calmness and beauty of the countenance; a smile still seemed to play on the features—the colour on the cheeks was fresh—and the eyes were closed as if in sleep. The top of the 30 head, wound round with Osbert's shirt, was bathed

in blood, but the face was marked only by one faint streak that crossed the nose from the right temple to the left cheek. Underneath the body they found the axe which Fitzurse had thrown down, and a small iron hammer, brought, apparently, to force open the door; close by were lying the two fragments of Le Bret's broken sword, and the Archbishop's cap, which had been struck off in the beginning of the fray. All these they carefully
10 preserved. The blood, which, with the brains, was scattered over the pavement, they collected and placed in vessels; and as the enthusiasm of the hour increased, the bystanders, who already began to esteem him a martyr, cut off pieces of their clothes to dip in the blood, and anointed their eyes with it. The cloak and outer pelisse, which were rich with sanguinary stains, were given to the poor—a proof of the imperfect apprehension as yet entertained of the value of these relics, which a few
20 years afterwards would have been literally worth their weight in gold, and which were now sold for some trifling sum.

After tying up the head with clean linen, and fastening the cap over it, they placed the body on a bier, and carried it up the successive flights of steps which led from the transept through the choir, to the high altar, in front of which they laid it down. The night was now far advanced, but the choir was usually lighted—and probably, therefore, on this
30 great occasion—by a chandelier with twenty-four wax tapers. Vessels were placed underneath the

body to catch any drops of blood that might fall, and the monks sat weeping around. The aged Robert, canon of Merton, the earliest friend and instructor of Becket, and one of the three who had remained with him to the last, consoled them by a narration of the austere life of the murdered prelate, which hitherto had been known only to himself, as the confessor of the Primate, and to Brun the valet. In proof of it he thrust his hand under the garments, and showed the monk's habit 10 and haircloth shirt which he wore next to his skin. This was the one thing wanted to raise the enthusiasm of the bystanders to the highest pitch. Up to that moment there had been a jealousy of the elevation of the gay Chancellor to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Becket himself, it was believed, had immediately after his consecration received, from a mysterious apparition, an awful warning against appearing in the choir of the cathedral in his secular dress as Chancellor. It 20 now for the first time appeared that, though not formerly a monk, he had virtually become one by his secret austerities. The transport of the fraternity, on finding that he had been one of themselves, was beyond all bounds. They burst at once into thanksgivings, which resounded through the choir; fell on their knees; kissed the hands and feet of the corpse, and called him by the name of "SAINT THOMAS," by which, from that time forward, he was so long known to the European 30 world. At the sound of the shout of joy there was

a general rush to the choir, to see the saint in sackcloth, who had hitherto been known as the Chancellor in purple and fine linen. A new enthusiasm was kindled by the spectacle; Arnold, a monk, who was goldsmith to the monastery, was sent back, with others, to the transept to collect in a basin any vestiges of the blood and brains, now become so precious; and benches were placed across the spot to prevent its being desecrated by
10 the footsteps of the crowd. This perhaps was the moment that the great ardour of the citizens first began for washing their hands and eyes with the blood. One instance of its application gave rise to a practice which became the distinguishing characteristic of all the subsequent pilgrimages to the shrine. A citizen of Canterbury dipped a corner of his shirt in the blood, went home, and gave it, mixed in water, to his wife, who was paralytic, and who was said to have been cured.
20 This suggested the notion of mixing the blood with water, which, endlessly diluted, was kept in innumerable vials, to be distributed to the pilgrims; and thus, as the palm was a sign of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and a scallop-shell of the pilgrimage to Compostella, so a leaden vial or bottle suspended from the neck became the mark of a pilgrimage to Canterbury.

Thus passed the night; and it is not surprising that in the red glare of an aurora borealis, which,
30 after the stormy evening, lighted up the midnight sky, the excited populace should fancy that they

saw the blood of the martyr go up to heaven ; or that, as the wax-lights sank down in the cathedral, and the first streaks of the grey winter morning broke through the stained windows of Conrad's choir, the monks who sate round the corpse should imagine that the right arm of the dead man was slowly raised to the sign of the cross, as if to bless his faithful followers.

THE CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

THIS account of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII., was written by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-1894). His accuracy as a historian has been called in question, and he has been accused of making facts fit his theories and prejudices ; but, as this extract will show, he has an unusually vivid and interesting style.

ON the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower, the streets were
10 fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen, and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, " with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good room and order." Cornhill and Gracechurch Street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even
20 more splendidly in cloth of gold, and tissue, and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass. At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under

the archway in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile. Two states only permitted their representatives to grace the scene with their presence—Venice and France. It was, perhaps, to make the most of this isolated countenance, that the French ambassador's train formed the van of the cavalcade. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. 10 After them followed a troop of Englishmen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purfled with miniver like doctors." Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on, mitred in their robes; the barons followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. Then came Audeley, lord-chancellor, and behind him the Venetian am- 20 bassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne and of Paris, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn with stole and crozier. Next, the lord mayor, with the city mace in hand, the Garter in his coat of arms; and then Lord William Howard—Belted Will Howard, of the Scottish Border, Marshal of England. The officers of the queen's household succeeded the marshal in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was 30 closed by the Duke of Suffolk, as high constable,

with his silver wand. It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendour which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets,—those streets, which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of colour, gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

- 10 Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps however it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching “a white chariot,” drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells: and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune’s plaything of the hour, the
20 Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honour, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sate, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favoured perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all Eng-
30 land’s daughters. Alas! “within the hollow round” of that coronet—

Kept death his court, and there the antick sate,
 Scoffing her State and grinning at her pomp ;
 Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
 To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks,
 Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
 As if the flesh which walled about her life
 Were brass impregnable ; and humoured thus,
 Bored through her castle walls ; and farewell, Queen.

Fatal gift of greatness ! so dangerous ever ! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great 10 deeps of thought ; and nations are in the throes of revolution ;—when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake ; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendour, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the 20 same confusion,—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies ; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness !

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering 30 ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she

will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her shortlived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch Street she was met by the children of the city
10 schools; and at the corner of Gracechurch Street a masterpiece had been prepared of the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Styll Yard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining Muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some “posy” or epigram in praise of the queen,
20 which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Gracechurch Street, the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste, of the old English Catholic kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was again a “little mountain,” which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the queen appeared, a white falcon was made to “descend
30 as out of the sky”—“and then incontinent came down an angel with great melody, and set a close

crown of gold upon the falcon's head ; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne with all her issue beneath her ; and Mary Cleophas with her four children, of the which children one made a goodly oration to the queen, of the fruitfulness of St. Anne, trusting that like fruit should come of her."

With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the 10 streets, where some fresh fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging, every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine ; the bells of every steeple were ringing ; children lay in wait with song, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted ; and thus in an unbroken triumph—and to outward appearance received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand by Charing Cross to West- 20 minster Hall. The king was not with her throughout the day ; nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to "the king's manour house at Westminster," where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she returned to the hall, where the lord mayor, the city council, and the peers were again 30 assembled, and took her place on the high dais at

the top of the stairs under the cloth of state ; while the bishops, the abbots, and the monks of the abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the abbey gates, and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly singing." The train was borne by
10 the old Duchess of Norfolk her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lappets of her robe." The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the abbey, she was led to the coronation chair where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial
30 were despatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and anointed Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catherine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden sceptre, and St. Edward's crown.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling ? Did any vision flit across her of a sad mourning figure which once had
30 stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut

short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune. But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise,—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present, and if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was 10 rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later, she was able to exult over Catherine's death; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

ANOTHER extract from FROUDE'S *History of England*. In 1534 the English Parliament passed the Act of Supremacy which made it treason to deny that Henry VIII. was supreme head of the English Church. John Fisher, the aged Bishop of Rochester, refused to acknowledge the Act. So did Sir Thomas More, who had succeeded Wolsey as Chancellor, but now resigned his office and retired into private life. The Pope made Fisher a Cardinal. Henry was furious, and decided that both Fisher and More must die.

- 10 THE news reached the government in the middle of June, and determined the fate of the unfortunate bishop; and with it the fate, also, of his nobler companion. To the king, the pope's conduct appeared a defiance; and as a defiance he accepted it. In vain Fisher declared that he had not sought his ill-timed honours, and would not accept them. Neither his ignorance nor his refusal could avail him. Once more he was called upon to submit, with the intimation, that if he refused he must
- 20 bear the consequences. His reply remained what it had been; and on the 17th of June he was taken down in a boat to Westminster Hall, where the special commission was sitting. The proceedings at his trial are thus briefly summed up in the official record:—"Thursday after the feast of St. Barnabas, John Fisher was brought to the bar by

Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower. Pleads not guilty. Venire awarded. Verdict—guilty. Judgment as usual in cases of treason.”

It was a swift sentence, and swiftly to be executed. Five days were allowed him to prepare himself; and the more austere features of the penalty were remitted with some show of pity. He was to die by the axe.

Mercy was not to be hoped for. It does not seem to have been sought. He was past eighty. 10 The earth on the edge of the grave was already crumbling under his feet; and death had little to make it fearful. When the last morning dawned, he dressed himself carefully—as he said, for his marriage-day. The distance to Tower Hill was short. He was able to walk; and he tottered out of the prison-gates, holding in his hand a closed volume of the New Testament. The crowd flocked about him, and he was heard to pray that, as this book had been his best comfort and companion, so 20 in that hour it might give him some special strength, and speak to him as from his Lord. Then opening it at a venture, he read: “This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.” It was the answer to his prayer; and he continued to repeat the words as he was led forward. On the scaffold he chanted the *Te Deum*, and then, after a few prayers, knelt down, and meekly laid his head upon a pillow where neither care nor fear nor sickness would ever vex 30 it more. Many a spectacle of sorrow had been

witnessed on that tragic spot, but never one more sad than this ; never one more painful to think or speak of. When a nation is in the throes of revolution, wild spirits are abroad in the storm ; and poor human nature presses blindly forward with the burden which is laid upon it, tossing aside the obstacles in its path with a recklessness which, in calmer hours, it would fear to contemplate.

Sir Thomas More followed, his fortunes linked in
10 death as in life to those of his friend. He was left to the last—in the hope, perhaps, that the example might produce an effect which persuasion could not. But the example, if that was the object, worked to far other purpose. From More's high-tempered nature, such terrors fell harmless, as from enchanted armour. Death to him was but a passing from one country to another ; and he had all along anticipated that his prison was the antechamber of the scaffold. He had, indeed, taken no pains to avoid it. The
20 king, according to the unsuspecting evidence of his daughter, Margaret Roper, had not accused him without cause of exciting a spirit of resistance. He had spent his time in encouraging Catholics to persevere to martyrdom for their faith. In his many conversations with herself, he had expressed himself with all freedom, and to others he had doubtless spoken as plainly as to her.

On the 7th of May he was examined by the same persons who examined Fisher ; and he was inter-
30 rogated again and again in subsequent interviews. His humour did not allow him to answer questions

directly : he played with his catechists, and did not readily furnish them with materials for a charge. He had corresponded with Fisher in prison, on the conduct which he meant to pursue. Some of these letters had been burnt ; but others were in the hands of the government, and would have been sufficient to sustain the prosecution, but they preferred his own words from his own lips. At length sufficient evidence was obtained. On the 26th of June, a true bill was found against him by the 10 Grand Jury of Middlesex ; and on the 1st of July the High Commission sat again in Westminster Hall, to try the most illustrious prisoner who ever listened to his sentence there. He walked from the Tower—feebly, however, and with a stick, for he was weak from long confinement. On appearing at the bar, a chair was brought for him, and he was allowed to sit. The indictment was then read by the attorney-general. It set forth that Sir Thomas More, traitorously imagining and attempting to deprive 20 the king of his title as supreme Head of the Church, did, on the 7th of May, when examined before Thomas Cromwell, the king's principal secretary, and divers other persons, whether he would accept the king as Head on earth of the Church of England, pursuant to the statute, refuse to give a direct answer, but replied, “ I will not meddle with any such matters, for I am fully determined to serve God and to think upon His passion, and my passage out of this world.” He was then charged with having written to Fisher 30 that “ The act of parliament was like a sword with

two edges ; for if a man answered one way it would confound his soul, and if the other way it would confound his body." Finally and chiefly, he had spoken treasonable words in the Tower to Rich, the solicitor-general.

This was the substance of the indictment. As soon as it was read, the lord chancellor rose, and told the prisoner that he saw how grievously he had offended the king ; it was not too late to ask for
10 mercy, however, which his Majesty desired to show.

" My lord," More replied, " I have great cause to thank your honour for your courtesy, but I beseech Almighty God that I may continue in the mind that I am in through His grace unto death." To the charges against him he pleaded " not guilty," and answered them at length. He could not say indeed that the facts were not true ; for although he denied that he had " practised " against the supremacy, he could not say that he had consented to it, or that he
20 ever would consent ; but like the Prior of the Charterhouse, he could not admit himself guilty when he had only obeyed his conscience. The jury retired to consider, and in a quarter of an hour returned with their verdict. The chancellor, after receiving it, put the usual question, what the prisoner could say in arrest of judgment. More replied, but replied with a plea which it was impossible to recognise, by denouncing the statute under which he was tried, and insisting on the obligation of obedience to the
30 see of Rome. Thus the sentence was inevitable. It was pronounced in the ordinary form ; but the usual

punishment for treason was commuted, as it had been with Fisher, to death upon the scaffold; and this last favour was communicated as a special instance of the royal clemency. More's wit was always ready. "God forbid," he answered, "that the king should show any more such mercy unto any of my friends; and God bless all my posterity from such pardons."

The pageant was over, for such a trial was little more. As the procession formed to lead back the 10 "condemned traitor" to the Tower, the commissioners once more adjured him to have pity on himself, and offered to re-open the court if he would reconsider his resolution. More smiled, and replied only a few words of graceful farewell.

"My lords," he said, "I have but to say that, like as the blessed Apostle St. Paul was present at the death of the martyr Stephen, keeping their clothes that stoned him, and yet they be now both saints in heaven, and there shall continue friends for ever, so 20 I trust, and shall therefore pray, that though your lordships have been on earth my judges, yet we may hereafter meet in heaven together to our everlasting salvation; and God preserve you all, especially my sovereign lord the king, and grant him faithful councillors."

He then left the hall, and to spare him the exertion of the walk he was allowed to return by water. At the Tower stairs one of those scenes occurred which have cast so rich a pathos round the closing story 30 of this illustrious man. "When Sir Thomas," writes

the grandson, "was now come to the Tower wharf, his best beloved child, my aunt Roper, desirous to see her father, whom she feared she should never see in this world after, to have his last blessing, gave there attendance to meet him; whom as soon as she had espied she ran hastily unto him, and without consideration or care for herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who with bills and halberts compassed him round, 10 there openly in the sight of them all embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him, not able to say any word but 'Oh, my father! oh, my father!' He, liking well her most natural and dear affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing; telling her that whatsoever he should suffer, though he were innocent, yet it was not without the will of God; and that he knew well enough all the secrets of her heart, counselling her to accommodate her will to God's blessed pleasure, and to be patient for 20 his loss.

"She was no sooner parted from him, and had gone scarce ten steps, when she, not satisfied with the former farewell, like one who had forgot herself, ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father, having neither respect to herself nor to the press of people about him, suddenly turned back, and ran hastily to him, and took him about the neck and divers times together kissed him; whereat he spoke not a word, but carrying still his gravity, tears fell 30 also from his eyes; yea, there were very few in all the troop who could refrain hereat from weeping,

no, not the guard themselves. Yet at last with a full heart she was severed from him, at which time another of our women embraced him ; and my aunt's maid Dorothy Collis did the like, of whom he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done."

More's relation with this daughter forms the most beautiful feature in his history. His letters to her in early life are of unequalled grace, and she was perhaps the only person whom he very deeply loved. He never saw her again. The four days which 10 remained to him he spent in prayer and in severe bodily discipline. On the night of the 5th of July, although he did not know the time which had been fixed for his execution, yet with an instinctive feeling that it was near, he sent her his hair shirt and whip, as having no more need for them, with a parting blessing of affection.

He then lay down and slept quietly. At day-break he was awoke by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations, 20 and to tell him it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. "I am much bounden to the king," he said, "for the benefits and honours he has bestowed upon me ; and so help me God, most of all am I bounden to him that it pleaseth his Majesty to rid me so shortly out of the miseries of this present world."

Pope told him the king desired that he would not "use many words on the scaffold." "Mr. Pope," he 30 answered, "you do well to give me warning, for

otherwise I had purposed somewhat to have spoken; but no matter wherewith his Grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his Highness's command."

He afterwards discussed the arrangements for his funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present; and when all was settled, Pope rose to leave him. He was an old friend. He took More's hand and wrung it, and quite overcome, burst into
10 tears.

"Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope," More said, "and be not discomfited, for I trust we shall once see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss."

As soon as he was alone he dressed in his most elaborate costume. It was for the benefit, he said, of the executioner who was to do him so great a service. Sir William Kingston remonstrated, and with some difficulty induced him to put on a plainer
20 suit; but that his intended liberality should not fail, he sent the man a gold angel in compensation, "as a token that he maliced him nothing, but rather loved him extremely."

"So about nine of the clock he was brought by the Lieutenant out of the Tower, his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven." He had been unpopular as a judge, and one or two persons in
30 the crowd were insolent to him; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston. "For my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the Miserere psalm on his knees; and when 10 he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short. Take heed therefore that thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said; and 20 binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured, "that has not committed treason." With which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever.

"So," concludes his biographer, "with alacrity 30 and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe, which

no sooner had severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him which can never fade nor decay; and then he found those words true which he had often spoken, that a man may lose his head and have no harm."

This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act which was sounded out into the far corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder as well for the
10 circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which in his eyes was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their colour from the simplicity of his faith; and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evidenced than in that last scene lighted with its lambent
20 humour.

THE REVENGE.

THIS is another extract from Froude's works, this time from one of his essays (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*). The same story is told by Tennyson in his ballad *The Revenge*, and again by R. L. Stevenson in *Virginibus Puerisque*.

IN August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English line-of-battle ships, six victuallers, and two or three pinnaces, was lying at anchor under the Island of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half his men disabled by sickness, Howard was unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on 10 which he had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore: the ships themselves "all pestered and rommaging," with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow. Of her crew of 190, ninety were sick on shore, and, from the 20 position of the ship, there was some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well-known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said

to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur de Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. "He was of great revenues, of his own inheritance," they said, "but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars"; and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood-eating, he had volunteered his services to the queen; "of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von
10 Linschoten, who is our authority here, and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down." Such Grenville was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and was remarkable in that remarkable time for his
20 constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast; and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative, and follow it in Raleigh's words) "to cut his mainsail and cast about,
30 and trust to the sailing of the ship":—

"But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from

the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in spite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way : which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better ; and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of 10 prevailing : notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded."

The wind was light ; the *San Philip*, "a huge high-carged ship" of 1500 tons, came up to windward of him, and, taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

"After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued 20 very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards 30 deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers

attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers ; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him ; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, 10 Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune."

This last was a little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English sailor who commanded the *George Noble* ; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphurous clouds 20 which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, "so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her," washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several Armadas had assailed her, and all in vain ; some had been sunk at her side ; and the rest, "so ill approving of their entertainment, that, at break of day, they were far more willing to hearken to a 30 composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries." "But as the day increased," says Raleigh,

“so our men decreased ; and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped.”

All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her 100 men 10 killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight ; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him ; the masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea ; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round 20 her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and “having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him,” “commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards ; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours’ 30 time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-

of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days."

The gunner and a few others consented. But such marvellous courage was more than could be
10 expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared to do all which did become men, and they were not more than men. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1500 of their crew were killed, and the Spanish admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the *Revenge* again, "doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them, knowing his dangerous disposition." Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain, "finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition
20 as they could be to offer it," gained over the majority of the surviving company; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honourable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say that the conditions were faithfully observed; and "the ship being marvellous unsavourie," Alonzo de Baçon, the Spanish admiral, sent his boat to bring
30 Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away,

replied that "he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not"; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.

The admiral used him with all humanity, "commending his valour and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved". The officers of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him; and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and 10 the "Portugals," each claiming the honour of having boarded the *Revenge*.

"In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave 20 behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' When he had finished these or other such-like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him."

Such was the fight at Florez, in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely equalled by the most 30 glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère could

invent for the *Vengeur*. Nor did the matter end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, "there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before." A fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada immediately after the battle, forming in all
10 140 sail; and of these 140, only thirty-two ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail; and the *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.

MY FIRST BIVOUAC.

THE next three extracts are from *Eothen*, a delightful book of travel by ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE (1809-1891), who wrote the history of the Crimean War. "Eöthen" is a Greek word, meaning "from the East," and the author said that he hoped it was "almost the only hard word to be found in his book." Kinglake was only twenty-six when he made the tour described in *Eothen*.

THE course of the Jordan is from the north to the south, and in that direction, with very little of devious winding, it carries the shining waters of 10 Galilee straight down into the solitudes of the Dead Sea. Speaking roughly, the river in that meridian is a boundary between the people living under roofs and the tented tribes that wander on the farther side. And so, as I went down in my way from Tiberias towards Jerusalem, along the western bank of the stream, my thinking all propended to the ancient world of herdsmen and warriors that lay so close over my bridle-arm.

If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his 20 mother with a Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society, a time for not liking tamed people, a time for not sitting in pews, a time for impugning the foregone opinions of men and haughtily dividing

truth from falsehood—a time, in short, for questioning, scoffing, and railing, for speaking lightly of the very opera and all our most cherished institutions. It is from nineteen to two or three and twenty, perhaps, that this war of the man against men is like to be waged most sullenly. You are yet in this smiling England, but you find yourself bending your way to the dark sides of her mountains, climbing the dizzy crags, exulting in the fellowship of mists
10 and clouds, and watching the storms how they gather, or proving the mettle of your mare upon the broad and dreary downs, because that you feel congenially with the yet unparcelled earth. A little while you are free, and unlabelled, like the ground that you compass; but Civilization is watching to throw her lasso: you will be surely enclosed, and sooner or later brought down to a state of mere usefulness; your gray hills will be curiously sliced into acres and roods and perches, and you, for all
20 you sit so wilful in your saddle, you will be caught; you will be taken up from travel, as a colt from grass, to be trained, and tried, and matched, and run. This in time; but first come Continental tours and the moody longing for Eastern travel. The downs and the moors of England can hold you no longer; with larger strides you burst away from these slips and patches of free land, you thread your path through the crowds of Europe, and at last, on the banks of Jordan, you joyfully know that
30 you are upon the very frontier of all accustomed respectabilities. There, on the other side of the

river (you can swim it with one arm), there reigns the people that will be like to put you to death, for *not* being a vagrant, for *not* being a robber, for *not* being armed and houseless. There is comfort in that—health, comfort, and strength to one who is aching from very weariness of that poor, dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and painstaking governess, Europe.

I had ridden for some hours along the right bank of Jordan when I came to the Djesr el Medjamè (an 10 old Roman bridge, I believe), which crossed the river. My Nazarene guide was riding ahead of the party, and now, to my surprise and delight, he turned leftwards, and led on over the bridge. I knew that the true road to Jerusalem must be mainly by the right bank of Jordan; but I supposed that my guide was crossing the bridge at this spot in order to avoid some bend in the river, and that he knew of a ford lower down by which we should regain the western bank. I made no question about the road, for I 20 was but too glad to set my horse's hoofs upon the land of the wandering tribes. None of my people, except the Nazarene, knew the country. On we went through rich pastures upon the eastern side of the water. I looked for the expected bend of the river, but, far as I could see, it kept a straight southerly course. I still left my guide unquestioned.

The Jordan is not a perfectly accurate boundary betwixt roofs and tents, for, soon after passing the 30 bridge, I came upon a cluster of huts. Some time

afterwards, the guide, upon being closely questioned by my servants, confessed that the village which we had left behind was the last that we should see, but he declared that he knew a spot at which we should find an encampment of friendly Bedouins who would receive me with all hospitality. I had long determined not to leave the East without seeing something of the wandering tribes, but I had looked forward to this as a pleasure to be found in the
10 Desert between El Arish and Egypt—I had no idea that the Bedouins on the east of Jordan were accessible. My delight was so great at the near prospect of bread and salt in the tent of an Arab warrior that I wilfully allowed my guide to go on and mislead me. I saw that he was taking me out of the straight route towards Jerusalem, and was drawing me into the midst of the Bedouins, but the idea of his betraying me seemed (I know not why) so utterly absurd that I could not entertain it for a
20 moment. I fancied it possible that the fellow had taken me out of my route in order to attempt some little mercantile enterprise with the tribe for which he was seeking, and I was glad of the opportunity which I might thus gain of coming in contact with the wanderers.

Not long after passing the village a horseman met us. It appeared that some of the cavalry of Ibrahim Pasha had crossed the river for the sake of the rich pastures on the eastern bank, and that this
30 man was one of the troopers. He stopped and saluted. He was obviously surprised at meeting an

unarmed or half-armed cavalcade, and at last he fairly told us that we were on the wrong side of the river, and that if we went on we must lay our account with falling amongst robbers. All this while, and throughout the day, my Nazarene kept well ahead of the party, and was constantly up in his stirrups, straining forward and searching the distance for some objects which still remained unseen.

For the rest of the day we saw no human being. We pushed on eagerly, in the hope of coming up 10 with the Bedouins before nightfall. Night came, and we still went on in our way, till about ten o'clock. Then the thorough darkness of the night and the weariness of our beasts (they had already done two good days' journey in one) forced us to determine upon coming to a standstill. Upon the heights to the eastward we saw lights: these shone from caves on the mountain-side, inhabited, as the Nazarene told us, by rascals of a low sort, not real Bedouins—men whom we might frighten into harmlessness, 20 but from whom there was no willing hospitality to be expected.

We heard at a little distance the brawling of a rivulet, and on the banks of this it was determined to establish our bivouac. We soon found the stream, and following its course for a few yards came to a spot which was thought to be fit for our purpose. It was a sharply cold night in February, and when I dismounted I found myself standing upon some wet, rank herbage that promised ill for the comfort 30 of our resting-place. I had bad hopes of a fire, for

the pitchy darkness of the night was a great obstacle to any successful search for fuel, and besides, the boughs of trees or bushes would be so full of sap in this early spring that they would not easily burn. However, we were not likely to submit to a dark and cold bivouac without an effort, and my fellows groped forward through the darkness, till, after advancing a few paces, they were happily stopped by a complete barrier of dead, prickly bushes.

10 Before our swords could be drawn to reap this welcome harvest, it was found, to our surprise, that the fuel was already hewn and strewed along the ground in a thick mass. A spot for the fire was found with some difficulty, for the earth was moist and the grass high and rank. At last there was a clicking of flint and steel, and presently there stood out from darkness one of the tawny faces of my muleteers, bent down to near the ground, and suddenly lit up by the glowing of the spark, which he

20 courted with careful breath. Before long there was a particle of dry fibre or leaf that kindled to a tiny flame; then another was lit from that, and then another. Then small, crisp twigs, little bigger than bodkins, were laid athwart the glowing fire. The swelling cheeks of the muleteer, laid level with the earth, blew tenderly at first, then more boldly, and the young flame was daintily nursed and fed, and fed more plentifully till it gained good strength. At last a whole armful of dry bushes was piled up

30 over the fire, and presently, with a loud, cheery cracking and crackling, a royal tall blaze shot up

from the earth, and showed me once more the shapes and faces of my men, and the dim outlines of the horses and mules that stood grazing hard by.

My servants busied themselves in unpacking the baggage, as though we had arrived at a hotel; Shereef and his helpers unsaddled their cattle. We had left Tiberias without the slightest idea that we were to make our way to Jerusalem along the desolate side of the Jordan, and my servants (generally provident in those matters) had brought with them 10 only, I think, some unleavened bread and a rocky fragment of goat's milk cheese. These treasures were produced. Tea and the contrivances for making it were always a standing part of my baggage. My men gathered in circle round the fire. The Nazarene was in a false position from having misled us so strangely, and he would have shrunk back, poor devil, into the cold and outer darkness, but I made him draw near and share the luxuries of the night. My quilt and my pelisse were spread, and the rest 20 of my people had all their capotes, or pelisses, or robes of some sort, which furnished their couches. The men gathered in circle, some kneeling, some sitting, some lying reclined around our common hearth. Sometimes on one, sometimes on another, the flickering light would glare more fiercely. Sometimes it was the good Shereef that seemed the foremost, as he sat with venerable beard, the image of manly piety, unknowing of all geography, unknowing where he was or whither he might go, but 30 trusting in the goodness of God and the clenching

power of fate and the good star of the Englishman. Sometimes, like marble, the classic face of the Greek Mysseri would catch the sudden light, and then again, by turns, the ever-perturbed Dthemetri, with his odd Chinaman's eye, and bristling, terrier-like moustache, shone forth illustrious.

I always liked the men who attended me on these Eastern travels, for they were all of them brave, cheery-hearted fellows, and although their
10 following my career brought upon them a pretty large share of those toils and hardships which are so much more amusing to gentlemen than to servants, yet not one of them ever uttered or hinted a syllable of complaint, or even affected to put on an air of resignation. I always liked them, but never, perhaps, so much as when they were thus grouped together under the light of the bivouac fire. I felt towards them as my comrades rather than as my servants, and took delight in breaking bread with them and
20 merrily passing the cup.

The love of tea is a glad source of fellow-feeling between the Englishman and the Asiatic. In Persia it is drunk by all, and although it is a luxury that is rarely within the reach of the Osmanlees, there are few of them who do not know and love the blessed "tchäi." Our camp-kettle, filled from the brook, hummed doubtfully for a while, then busily bubbled under the sidelong glare of the flames, cups clinked and rattled, the fragrant steam ascended, and
30 soon this little circlet in the wilderness grew warm and genial as my lady's drawing-room.

And after this there came the tchibouque—great comforter of those that are hungry and wayworn. And it has this virtue—it helps to destroy the *gêne* and awkwardness which one sometimes feels at being in company with one's dependants: for, whilst the amber is at your lips, there is nothing ungracious in your remaining silent, or speaking pithily in short inter-whiff sentences. And for us that night there was pleasant and plentiful matter of talk: for the where we should be on the morrow, and the where- 10 withal we should be fed—whether by some ford we should regain the western bank of Jordan, or find bread and salt under the tents of a wandering tribe, or whether we should fall into the hands of the Philistines, and so come to see Death—the last and greatest of all “the fine sights” that there be—these were questionings not dull nor wearisome to us, for we were all concerned in the answers. And it was not an all-imagined morrow that we probed with our sharp guesses; for the lights of those low Philistines 20—the men of the caves—still shone on the rock above, and we knew by their yells that the fire of our bivouac had shown us.

At length we thought it well to seek for sleep. Our plans were laid for keeping up a good watch through the night. My quilt, and my pelisse, and my cloak were spread out so that I might lie spoke-wise, with my feet towards the central fire. I wrapped my limbs daintily round, and gave myself orders to sleep like a veteran soldier. But my attempt to sleep 30 upon the earth that God gave me was more new and

strange than I had fancied it. I had grown used to the scene which was before me whilst I was sitting, or reclining, by the side of the fire, but now that I laid myself down at full length, it was the deep black mystery of the heavens that hung over my eyes—not an earthly thing in the way from my own very forehead right up to the end of all space. I grew proud of my boundless bed-chamber. I might have “found sermons” in all this greatness (if I had I should
10 surely have slept), but such was not then my way. If this cherished Self of mine had built the Universe, I should have dwelt with delight on “the wonders of creation.” As it was, I felt rather the vain-glory of my promotion, from out of mere rooms and houses, into the midst of that grand, dark, infinite palace.

And then, too, my head, far from the fire, was in cold latitudes, and it seemed to me strange that I should be lying so still and passive, whilst the sharp night-breeze walked free over my cheek, and
20 the cold damp clung to my hair, as though my face grew in the earth, and must bear with the footsteps of the wind and the falling of the dew as meekly as the grass of the field. And so, when, from time to time, the watch quietly and gently kept up the languishing fire, he seldom, I think, was unseen to my restless eyes. Yet at last when they called me, and said that the morn would soon be dawning, I rose from a state of half-oblivion, not much unlike to sleep, though sharply qualified by a sort of vegetable’s consciousness of having been growing still
30 colder and colder for many and many an hour.

THE DEAD SEA.

THE grey light of the morning showed us, for the first time, the ground we had chosen for our resting-place. We found that we had bivouacked upon a little patch of barley, plainly belonging to the men of the caves. The dead bushes which we found so happily placed in readiness for our fire, had been strewn for a fence for the protection of the little crop. This was the only cultivated spot of ground which we had seen for many a league, and I was rather sorry to find that our night-fire and our 10 cattle had spread so much ruin upon this poor solitary slip of corn land.

The saddling and loading of our beasts was a work which generally took nearly an hour, and before this was half over daylight came. We could now see the men of the caves. They collected in a body, amounting, I thought, to nearly fifty, and rushed down towards our quarters with fierce shouts and yells. But the nearer they got, the slower they went; their shouts grew less resolute in tone, and soon 20 ceased altogether. The fellows, however, advanced to a thicket within thirty yards of us, and behind this "took up their position." My men without premeditation did exactly that which was best; they kept steadily to their work of loading the

beasts, without fuss or hurry, and whether it was that they instinctively felt the wisdom of keeping quiet, or that they merely obeyed the natural inclination to silence which one feels in the early morning, I cannot tell, but I know that except when they exchanged a syllable or two relative to the work they were about, not a word was said. I now believe that this quietness of our party created an undefined terror in the minds of the cave-holders,
10 and scared them from coming on: it gave them a notion that we were relying on some resources which they knew not of. Several times the fellows tried to lash themselves into a state of excitement which might do instead of pluck. They would raise a great shout, and sway forward in a dense body from behind the thicket; but when they saw that their bravery, thus gathered to a head, did not even suspend the strapping of a portmanteau, or the tying of a hat-box, their shout lost its spirit, and the whole mass
20 was irresistibly drawn back like a wave receding from the shore.

These attempts at an onset were repeated several times, but always with the same result. I remained under the apprehension of an attack for more than half an hour, and it seemed to me that the work of packing and loading had never been done so slowly. I felt inclined to tell my fellows to make their best speed, but, just as I was going to speak, I observed that every one was doing his duty already; I therefore held
30 my peace, and said not a word, till at last Mysseri led up my horse, and asked me if I were ready to mount.

We all marched off without hindrance.

After some time, we came across a party of Ibrahim's cavalry, which had bivouacked at no great distance from us. The knowledge that such a force was in the neighbourhood may have conduced to the forbearance of the cave-holders.

We saw a scraggy-looking fellow, nearly black, and wearing nothing but a cloth round his loins: he was tending flocks. Afterwards I came up with another of these goatherds, whose helpmate was 10 with him. They gave us some goat's milk, a welcome present. I pitied the poor devil of a goatherd for having such a very plain wife. I spend an enormous quantity of pity upon that particular form of human misery.

About midday I began to examine my map, and to question my guide. He at first tried to elude inquiry, then suddenly fell on his knees and confessed that he knew nothing of the country. I was thus thrown upon my own resources, and calculating 20 that, on the preceding day, we had nearly performed a two days' journey, I concluded that the Dead Sea must be near. In this I was right, for at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon I caught a first sight of its dismal face.

I went on, and came near to those waters of Death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb 30 for ever the dead and damned Gomorrah. There

was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but, instead, a deep stillness—no grass grew from the earth—no weed peered through the void sand, but, in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these, grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long, silent years.

I now struck off towards the *débouchure* of the
10 river; but I found that the country, though seemingly quite flat, was intersected by deep ravines, which did not show themselves until nearly approached. For some time my progress was much obstructed; but at last I came across a track leading towards the river, and which might, as I hoped, bring me to a ford. I found, in fact, when I came to the river's side, that the track reappeared upon the opposite bank, plainly showing that the stream had been fordable at this place. Now, however, in
20 consequence of the late rains, the river was quite impracticable for baggage-horses. A body of waters, about equal to the Thames at Eton, but confined to a narrower channel, poured down in a current so swift and heavy that the idea of passing with laden baggage-horses was utterly forbidden. I could have swum across myself, and I might, perhaps, have succeeded in swimming a horse over. But this would have been useless, because in such case I must have
30 abandoned not only my baggage, but all my attendants, for none of them were able to swim, and, without that resource, it would have been madness

for them to rely upon the swimming of their beasts across such a powerful stream. I still hoped, however, that there might be a chance of passing the river at the point of its actual junction with the Dead Sea, and I therefore went on in that direction.

Night came upon us whilst labouring across gullies and sandy mounds, and we were obliged to come to a standstill, quite suddenly, upon the very edge of a precipitous descent. Every step towards the 10 Dead Sea had brought us into a country more and more dreary; and this sandhill, which we were forced to choose for our resting-place, was dismal enough. A few slender blades of grass, which here and there singly pierced the sand, mocked bitterly the hunger of our jaded beasts, and, with our small remaining fragment of goat's milk rock by way of supper, we were not much better off than our horses; we wanted, too, the great requisite of a cheery bivouac—fire. Moreover, the spot on which we had 20 been so suddenly brought to a standstill was relatively high and unsheltered, and the night wind blew swiftly and cold.

The next morning I reached the *débouchure* of the Jordan, where I had hoped to find a bar of sand that might render its passage possible. The river, however, rolled its eddying waters fast down to the "sea," in a strong, deep stream that shut out all hope of crossing.

It now seemed necessary either to construct a raft 30 of some kind, or else to retrace my steps and re-

mount the banks of the Jordan. I had once happened to give some attention to the subject of military bridges—a branch of military science which includes the construction of rafts and contrivances of the like sort, and I should have been very proud, indeed, if I could have carried my people and my baggage across by dint of any idea gathered from Sir Howard Douglas or Robinson Crusoe. But we were all faint and languid from want of food, and, 10 besides, there were no materials. Higher up the river there were bushes, and river plants, but nothing like timber, and the cord with which my baggage was tied to the pack-saddles amounted altogether to a very small quantity—not nearly enough to haul any sort of craft across the stream.

I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually that I was not only forced to “sneak in,” but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile, before I could get out of 20 my depth. When at last I was able to attempt to dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply that the pain I thus suffered, joined with the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments ; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water ; but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace : my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake that my stroke was baffled, and I 30 found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The

water is perfectly bright and clear ; its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore, and before I began to dress I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly encrusted with salts.

THE BLACK TENTS.

My steps were reluctantly turned towards the north, I had ridden some way, and still it seemed that all life was fenced and barred out from the desolate ground over which I was journeying. On the west there flowed the impassable Jordan; on the east stood an endless range of barren mountains; and on the south lay that desert sea that knew not the plashing of an oar; greatly, therefore, was I surprised, when suddenly there broke upon my ear the
10 long ludicrous, persevering bray of a donkey. I was riding at this time some few hundred yards ahead of all my party, except the Nazarene (who, by a wise instinct, kept closer to me than to Dthemetri) and I instantly went forward in the direction of the sound, for I fancied that where there were donkeys there too most surely would be men. The ground on all sides of me seemed thoroughly void and lifeless, but at last I got down into a hollow, and presently a sudden turn brought me within
20 thirty yards of an Arab encampment. The low black tents which I had so long lusted to see were right before me, and they were all teeming with live Arabs—men, women, and children.

I wished to have let my people behind know where I was, but I recollected that they would be

able to trace me by the prints of my horse's hoofs in the sand, and, having to do with the Asiatics, I felt the danger of the slightest movement which might be looked upon as a sign of irresolution. Therefore, without looking behind me—without looking to the right or to the left—I rode straight up towards the foremost tent. Before it was strewed a semi-circular fence of dead boughs; through this, and about opposite to the front of the tent, there was a narrow opening. As I advanced, some twenty or 10 thirty of the most uncouth-looking fellows imaginable came forward to meet me. In their appearance they showed nothing of the Bedouin blood; they were of many colours—from dingy brown to jet black—and some of these last had much of the negro look about them. They were tall, powerful fellows, but repulsively ugly. They wore nothing but the Arab shirts, confined at the waist by leathern belts.

I advanced to the gap left in the fence, and at 20 once alighted from my horse. The chief greeted me after his fashion by alternately touching first my hand and then his own forehead, as if he were conveying the virtue of the touch like a spark of electricity. Presently I found myself seated upon a sheepskin spread for me under the sacred shade of Arabian canvas. The tent was of a long, narrow, oblong form, and contained a quantity of men, women, and children so closely huddled together that there was scarcely one of them who was not in 30 actual contact with his neighbour. The moment I

had taken my seat the chief repeated his salutations in the most enthusiastic manner, and then the people, having gathered densely about me, got hold of my unresisting hand, and passed it round like a claret jug for the benefit of everybody. The women soon brought me a wooden bowl full of buttermilk, and welcome indeed came the gift to my hungry and thirsty soul.

After some time my people, as I had expected, came 10 up; and when poor Dthemetri saw me on my sheepskin, "the life and soul" of this ragamuffin party, he was so astounded that he even failed to check his cry of horror. He plainly thought that now at last the Lord had delivered me (interpreter and all) into the hands of the lowest Philistines.

Mysseri carried a tobacco-pouch slung at his belt, and as soon as its contents were known the whole population of the tent began begging like spaniels for bits of the beloved weed. I concluded, 20 from the abject manner of these people, that they could not possibly be thorough-bred Bedouins, and I saw, too, that they must be in the very last stage of misery, for poor indeed is the man in these climes who cannot command a pipeful of tobacco. I began to think that I had fallen amongst thorough savages, and it seemed likely enough that they would gain their very first knowledge of civilization by seizing and studying the contents of my dearest portmanteaus, but still my impression was that they 30 would hardly venture upon such an attempt. I observed, indeed, that they did not offer me the

bread and salt (the pledges of peace amongst wandering tribes), but I fancied that they refrained from this act of hospitality, not in consequence of any hostile determination, but in order that the notion of robbing me might remain for the present an "open question." I afterwards found that the poor fellows had no bread to offer. They were literally "out at grass." It is true that they had a scanty supply of milk from goats, but they were living almost entirely upon certain grass stems which were 10 just in season at that time of the year. These, if not highly nourishing, are pleasant enough to taste, and their acid juices come gratefully to thirsty lips.

CROSSING THE DESERT.

THE manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within
10 the stipulated time, and I did not, therefore, allow a halt until the evening came. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for
20 as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys

are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your 10 near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. 20 Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of 30 roses: the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning

now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on ; comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent ; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and
10 utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground ; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied them-
20 selves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride,
30 for wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind ; and so

when the night closed round me I began to return—to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread—Mysseri rattling teacups; the little kettle with her odd, old-maidish looks sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire 10 my tent stood prim and tight, with open portal and with welcoming look—a look like “the own arm-chair” of our lyrist’s “sweet Lady Anne.”

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night-breeze blew coldly; when that happened the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along these dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my 20 tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bed-rooms, drawing-rooms, oratories—all crowded into the space of a hearthrug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed 30 through the fire of the candle till they fairly ex-

tinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four
10 kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed
20 with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness
30 of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards

the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, 10 heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between the sandhills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache, from the peculiar way in 20 which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days, this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world 30 that rolls round and round in the heavens through

wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blay-
10 gon hills! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing “for church.” After a while the sound died away slowly. It happened that neither I nor any of my party had
20 a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my
30 return to England it has been told to me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor,

becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

During my travels I kept a journal—a journal sadly meagre and intermittent, but one which enabled me to find out the day of the month and the week, according to the European calendar. Referring to this, I found that the day was Sunday, and roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal 10 the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. The coincidence amused me faintly, but I could not allow myself a hope that the effect I had experienced was anything other than an illusion—an illusion liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at Nature's riddles. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and 20 found this spell to rouse me from my scandalous forgetfulness of God's holy day ; but my fancy was too weak to carry a faith like that. Indeed, the vale through which the bells of Marlen send their song is a highly respectable vale, and its people (save one, two, or three) are wholly unaddicted to the practice of magical arts.

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and 30 studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley, nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon. Hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven
10 above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could baulk the fierce will of the Sun. “He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof.” From pole to pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bid me
20 bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, “Thou shalt have none other gods but me.” I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary Self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the
30 edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here

and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am!)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the Desert and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the West without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned. 10 He had toiled on a graceful service: he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters. 20

THE COLONEL AT GREY FRIARS.

FROM Thackeray's famous novel, *The Newcomes*. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) was educated at Charterhouse, and this beautiful passage is a tribute to his old school.

The original foundation of Charterhouse in London provided a home for eighty male pensioners ("gentlemen by descent and in poverty, soldiers that have borne arms by sea or land, merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck, or servants in household to the King or Queen's Majesty"), and
10 a training for forty boys. The school grew into a great public school, and was removed in 1872 to Godalming in Surrey; but the old pensioners "still occupy their picturesque home, themselves picturesque figures in the black gowns designed for them under the foundation."

I. A VISIT TO GREY FRIARS.

MENTION has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars school—where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-
20 day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy, carved allegories. There is an old

Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time; an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which, we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it: and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood. 10

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, 20 the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, 30 *Fundator Noster*, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the

great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service-time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards
10 because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codd, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or
20 Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of bygone
30 seniors have cried Amen! under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one;

one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear :

23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord : and he delighteth in his way.

24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down : for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

25. I have been young, and now am old : yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up 10 from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners ; and amongst them—amongst them—sate Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book ; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His Order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there among the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by 20 Heaven's decree : to this Alms-House ! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end ! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor ? Oh, pardon, you noble soul ! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good ! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the 30 preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. "I have found a home, Arthur," said he. "Don't you
10 remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Grey Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room?—a poor brother like me—an old Peninsular man; Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; and I thought then, when we saw him—here would be a place for an old fellow when his career was over, to hang his sword up; to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend, Lord H., who is
20 a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends; blessed be God! my dear kind young friend—my boy's friend; you have always been so, sir; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long." He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the
30 courts of the building towards his room, which in truth I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk

fire crackling on the hearth ; a little tea-table laid out, a Bible, and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantelpiece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.

II. THE COLONEL SAYS *ADSUM*.

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days, the fever which had attacked him left him, but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, 10 the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious ; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the house hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr. Goodenough, came to him ; he hoped too : but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sate when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear 20 and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside ; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He

knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bedclothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great
10 fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel." "Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him!" and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle almost as childishly
20 about Dr. Raine, and his own early schooldays. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was
30 made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be

a little gown-boy ; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend, Dr. Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly ; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his 10 cheek flushed, and he was a youth again—a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore ; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady ; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure ; no anger remained in it ; no guile tainted it ; only peace and goodwill dwelt in it. 20

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sate by the bed with a very awe-stricken face ; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him 30 how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a

cricket match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little
10 white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; 20 the latter came to us who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for
30 you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and just now

he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India"; and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's 10 voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had 20 answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

NOTES.

Page 2, line 23. *dole*, something *deal* out in charity.

l. 31. *betimes*, early.

P. 3, l. 11. *translator*. The translation was made partly by Wycliffe and partly by his followers at the end of the fourteenth century.

P. 5, l. 18. *Oriflamme*. Stanley appears to be wrong in supposing that there were fleurs-de-lys on the Oriflamme. The French arms consisted of gold fleurs-de-lys on a blue ground, but the Oriflamme was originally a plain red banner, and later a red ground powdered with golden flames.

P. 6, l. 25. *carnage*, slaughter.

P. 7, l. 27. *Clovis* (the name grew into Louis) was the founder of the Frankish monarchy. He defeated the Goths in 507 A.D.

l. 30. *Charles Martel* defeated the Saracens at the battle of Tours in 732 A.D.

P. 10, l. 2. *Froissart*, a Frenchman who wrote chronicles of events in France and the neighbouring countries in the fourteenth century. He died in 1410 A.D.

l. 4. *lodgings*, camp.

l. 23. *palm*, a sign of victory.

P. 11, l. 8. *prelates*, high dignitaries in the Church, such as bishops.

P. 12, l. 26. *parricidal*. A parricide is a person who murders his father.

P. 13, l. 23. *fled from Northampton*. Becket fled to France after the Council of Northampton, where he had refused to assent to Henry II.'s Constitutions of Clarendon, which proposed to take away much of the Church's judicial power.

l. 31. *translated*. Becket's body was translated, or moved, in 1220 to a shrine behind the high altar, when the choir of the cathedral was rebuilt after being burned down.

P. 14, l. 15. *auguries*, signs which foretell what is going to happen.

P. 15, l. 31. *seneschal*, steward.

P. 18, l. 3. **sumpter-mule**, a mule that carries a pack or burden.

P. 19, l. 7. **Once I gave way**. When the Constitutions of Clarendon were first proposed, Becket expressed his willingness to accept them; but he soon changed his attitude.

P. 21, l. 8. **an oriel window**, a window in a recess which projects from the wall of a building.

l. 23. **Dan**, Master (from *dominus*), a title especially used of members of religious orders.

P. 24, l. 14. **motley**, made up of different elements.

P. 27, l. 6. **rochet**, a kind of white linen surplice.

P. 28, l. 21. **fealty**, acknowledgment of the obligation of fidelity to a man.

P. 30, l. 29. **Sens**, in central France, the seat of an archbishop. Becket had a house there during his exile.

P. 31, l. 6. **marks**. The value of a mark was 13s. 4d.

P. 32, l. 16. **pelisse**, a furred mantle.

P. 34, l. 25. **vial**. "Phial" is the usual form of the word.

l. 29. **aurora borealis**, lights which occasionally appear on the northern horizon of the sky at night.

P. 36, l. 12. **guilds**, associations of those who followed some particular trade, such as goldsmiths, grocers, and so on. In a sense they may be called the forerunners of Trade Unions.

apprentices, boys or young men who made an agreement to serve a master for a certain length of time so as to learn some trade or craft.

l. 17. **arras**, tapestry hangings.

l. 21. **sheriffs**, the chief officers of the shire or county.

P. 37, l. 8. **surcoats**, long flowing cloaks. In old days they were worn by knights over their armour.

l. 13. **purfled**, having a border.

miniver, the fur of the grey squirrel.

l. 24. **stole**, the narrow scarf a priest wears over his shoulders.

crozier, the staff which is carried in front of a bishop on ceremonial occasions.

l. 26. **the Garter**, Garter King-at-arms, the chief herald.

P. 38, l. 14. **palfreys**, small horses, as opposed to the great war-horses.

P. 39, l. 1. This quotation comes from Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, Act III., Scene 2. It is interesting to observe how Froude misquotes the passage.

l. 22. **Pandora**. The legend is that Jupiter gave Pandora a box which she was to present to her husband; when he opened

it all the evils which afflict mankind flew out, and Hope alone was left at the bottom of the box.

P. 40, l. 13. **Mount Parnassus**, sacred to Apollo, the god of poetry and music. Whoever slept on Mount Parnassus was supposed to become either an inspired poet or a madman.

l. 14. **Helicon**, another mountain on which the nine muses dwelt, near the famous fountain Aganippe.

l. 16. **Calliope** was the muse of eloquence and heroic poetry.

l. 30. **incontinent**, at once.

P. 41, l. 13. **conduit**, a channel for water.

P. 42, l. 25. **St. Edward's crown**, the crown of Edward the Confessor with which all the sovereigns before the Commonwealth were crowned; but for the coronation of a Queen Consort the crown of Queen Edith appears to have been used.

P. 44, l. 16. **his ill-timed honours**, his Cardinal's hat.

P. 45, l. 2. **Venire awarded**, a writ ordering him to come up for trial.

Judgment would be that the offender should be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck, but not until he was dead, and that whilst still alive he should be disembowelled and his body divided into four quarters, the head and quarters being at the disposal of the Crown.

P. 47, l. 1. **catechists**, questioners.

l. 10. **a true bill**, a decision that the case should go for trial.

l. 18. **indictment**, formal accusation.

l. 20. **imagining**, planning (an old legal word).

l. 25. **pursuant to**, according to.

P. 48, l. 20. **the Prior of the Charter-house**, or of a body of the Carthusian monks. His name was Haughton, and he was executed on May 4th, 1535, two months before Sir Thomas More, for refusing to accept the Act of Supremacy.

l. 26. **in arrest of**, to prevent.

— P. 50, l. 9. **bills**, pikes with crescent-shaped heads.

halberts, battle-axes with very long handles.

P. 52, l. 21. **a gold angel**, a coin worth about ten shillings

P. 54, l. 19. **lambent**, bright and quick, like a flame.

P. 55, l. 6. **victuallers**, provision ships.

l. 7. **pinnaces**, small vessels, generally schooner rigged.

l. 13. **pestered and rommaging**, in disorder, "at sixes and sevens."

P. 56, l. 13. **carouse**, drink freely.

l. 24. **weighed**, weighed anchor.

l. 26. **weather bow**, on the windward side of the vessel.

P. 57, l. 7. **sprung their luff**, turned their vessels' heads so that these pointed nearly into the wind.

l. 8. **lee**, the side of the vessel away from the wind.

l. 14. **high-charged**, may mean high-charged, or heavily laden; or it may mean high-carved; or possibly high-caged, that is, with the ship heightened by means of stockades (cage-work) on the poop and forecastle.

l. 18. **larboard**, the port, or left-hand side of the vessel as you look from ~~seem~~ to bow

l. 30. **ordnance**, cannon.

P. 58, l. 7. **Armadas**, ships of war.

P. 62, l. 1. **the Vengeur** was a French vessel which was sunk in an engagement with the English in 1794. Her captain and most of her crew escaped in British boats; but Barrère, an editor who made himself prominent in the French Revolution, gave a glorified account of the incident, representing the whole crew as sinking with the vessel and crying as they sank, "Vive la République!"

l. 11. **foundered**, sank.

P. 63, l. 10. **devious**, out of the straight course.

l. 12. **meridian**, a line of longitude, passing through the north and south poles.

l. 17. **propended**, inclined. We are more familiar with the noun "propensity."

l. 21. **Chiffney-bit**, a severe bit for managing restive horses. Here the sense is, "naturally obedient and ready to accept what is given him."

P. 65, l. 7. **pedantic**, attaching too much importance to learning.

P. 66, l. 5. **Bedouins**, the most important division of the Arab race. They lead a wandering life and are for the most part herdsmen and shepherds.

l. 28. **Ibrahim Pasha**, an Egyptian general (Pasha means general) who took part in the Greek War of Independence in the first half of the nineteenth century.

P. 67, l. 25. **bivouac**, a sleeping-place in the open air.

P. 68, l. 24. **athwart**, across.

P. 69, l. 10. **provident**, looking ahead.

l. 21. **capotes**, long cloaks.

P. 70, l. 24. **Osmanlees**, the subjects of the Sultan of Turkey.

P. 71, l. 1. **tchibouque**, or chibouk, a long Turkish tobacco pipe.

P. 75, l. 31. **Gomorrah**, one of the five cities of the plain which were overwhelmed and destroyed, probably owing to an earthquake, or some similar convulsion, which submerged the stretch of country now covered by the southern half of the Dead Sea.

P. 76, l. 9. **débouchure**, the mouth or outlet of a river.

P. 77, l. 7. **gullies**, small valleys or channels made by water.

l. 16. **jaded**, tired out.

P. 78, l. 8. **Sir Howard Douglas**, a general in the army, who published a work on military bridges in 1816. He also wrote many other well-known military books.

Robinson Crusoe, the hero of Defoe's book, which may be called the first novel in the English language.

P. 82, l. 6. **buttermilk**, that which is left after the butter has been taken out of the churn.

P. 85, l. 27. **lank**, long and thin.

P. 86, l. 22. **confiding in**, trusting in.

P. 87, l. 13. **our lyrist's "sweet Lady Anne."** The editors have not succeeded in tracing the song to which Kinglake alludes.

l. 23. **oratories**, places for prayer.

P. 89, l. 10. **phantasm**, appearance.

l. 19. **irksome**, tiresome.

l. 23. **inured**, accustomed to.

P. 90, l. 8. **Marlen, Blaygon**. These names are apparently fictitious. Kinglake was born in Somerset.

P. 93, l. 3. **minarets**, slender towers.

P. 94, l. 19. **subsisting**, existing.

l. 21. **Cistercians**, properly the name of an order of monks, here applied to the boys and pensioners of the Charterhouse.

l. 24. **emblazoned**, ornamented with coloured coats of arms.

l. 25. **allegories**, carvings bearing a further signification besides the obvious one.

P. 95, l. 13. **Fundatoris Nostri**, Thomas Sutton, who founded Charterhouse in 1611.

l. 18. **condisciples**, schoolfellows.

l. 25. **smug**, smooth (without its usual sense of complacent or self-satisfied).

P. 96, l. 4. **the doctor**, the Headmaster.

l. 26. **decorous**, becoming, suitable.

P. 97, l. 13. **Thomas Newcome**. Colonel Newcome lost all his money through the failure of an Indian bank, and so had to enter the Charterhouse.

l. 31. **homily**, sermon.

P. 98, l. 7. **wan**, pale.

l. 13. **an old Peninsular man**, one who has fought under Wellington in Spain.

P. 99, l. 22. **Ethel**, Colonel Newcome's niece. She ultimately became the second wife of Clive, the Colonel's son.

Madame de Florac, a French lady with whom Colonel Newcome had been in love when quite a young man.

P. 100, l. 2. **wont**, custom.

Boy, the son of Clive and his first wife.

l. 8. **gown-boy**, a scholar at Charterhouse.

l. 13. **archness**, roguishness.

P. 102, l. 9. **I, curre**, Latin, "Go, run!"

l. 22. **Bayham**, a friend of the Newcomes.

P. 103, l. 1. **Pendennis**, Clive's greatest friend. It is he who tells the whole story.

l. 18. **Adsum**, Latin, "I am present."

SUGGESTED QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION.

1. Mention any strange customs you can that obtained in Queen's College in the time of the Black Prince.

2. What other two great battles were fought near Poitiers, and what was their importance?

3. "One of those extraordinary incidents which often turn the fate of battles" (p. 4). Do you know of any other battle which was affected by an "extraordinary incident"?

4. A poem on the storm before Cressy.

5. Describe the supper to the French King either in blank verse or in heroic couplets.

6. Explain the meaning of the following words: perfidiously, prelate, paroxysm, parricidal, auguries, seneschal, pelisse, motley, sumpter-mule, aurora borealis.

7. What indications are there that Becket had premonitions of his death?

8. Describe the scene when the monks returned to the Cathedral after night had closed.

9. Why did a leaden vial become the mark of a pilgrimage to Canterbury? Can you mention any other such tokens which pilgrims wore?

10. Draw a plan of an English cathedral.

11. Explain: cavalcade, chaos, Pandora box, arras, conduit, Helicon, posy, epigram, Rhenish wine.

12. Express in your own words the meaning of the passage from Shakespeare on page 39.

13. In the evening, after her coronation, Anne Boleyn talks to her waiting maid (who has seen the pageant) of the events of the day. Give their conversation.

14. A sonnet on the two processions in which Anne Boleyn took part. (See page 39, line 26 and following.)

15. "Fatal gift of greatness" (p. 39). Give examples from history of men and women who have owed their misfortunes merely or chiefly to their exalted station.

16. Explain: catechist, indictment, commute, lambent, perpetrate, a true bill, preternatural, austere.

17. What was the accusation on which Sir Thomas More was brought to trial?

18. "Tragedy" (p. 53). Is every violent death a "tragedy"? If not, what conditions are required to make it one?

19. What instances can you find in this narrative of Sir Thomas More's courtesy, kindness, and sense of humour?

20. Explain: pinnace, rommaging, ordnance, starboard, an *in memoriam*, mythic.

21. Express in your own words the meaning of the following passage. P. 56, line 31, But Sir Richard . . . P. 57, line 12, be persuaded.

22. What can you tell of the "George Noble" and the "Pilgrim" in this fight?

23. Describe the Spanish Admiral's treatment of Sir Richard Grenville.

24. What kind of man do you make out Sir Richard to have been, judging from what this extract tells you?

25. Is there less romance about seamanship now than in Elizabethan times?

26. Replace the following words on page 64 by other words carrying the same meaning. Do you think any of your changes are an improvement? If so, say why.

Speaking lightly (2), sullenly (6), exulting (9), congenially (12), unparcelled (13), to throw her lasso (16), sliced (18), wilful (20), moody (24), slips (27).

The numbers give references to the lines.

27. What do you learn from this extract of Kinglake's companions? (See page 69.)

28. What thoughts do you imagine occupied Kinglake's waking moments during the night of the bivouac?

29. Write a short essay on "Wander Thirst." (See pages 63-65.)

30. An Ode to a Tea-pot.

31. How did Kinglake's party deter the men of the caves from attacking them?

32. Describe a bathe in the Dead Sea.

33. Explain: devious (p. 63), impugn (63), vagrant (65), pedantic (65), bivouac (68), grotesque (76).

34. Describe the reception of Kinglake at the Arab encampment.

35. What unmistakable signs of poverty did these Arabs present?

36. Give an account of a ride across the desert under a hot sun.

37. Imagine a man separated from his companions in the desert. Describe what his feelings would be when he thought he was lost, and the relief at finding his party again.

38. A poem on the Marlen bells.

39. The story of a camel.

40. Egypt in ancient and modern times.

41. What is meant by "the eternal Ego" (p. 93, l. 4)?

42. "The little white-haired gown-boy," now grown into a man, gives his reminiscences of Colonel Newcome.

43. What is meant by "pompous death" (p. 96, l. 23)?

44. Write a single paragraph on "Death as a friend."

PASSAGES SUITABLE FOR REPETITION.

- P. 10, l. 3. The day of the battle ... l. 24, the chaplet.
 P. 11, l. 20. Henry himself ... p. 12, l. 17, out of the room.
 P. 38, l. 1. It is no easy ... l. 24, she had won it.
 P. 42, l. 26. Did any twinge ... p. 43, l. 11, loveliness.
 P. 53, l. 1. The scaffold had been ... p. 54, l. 6, have no harm.
 P. 59, l. 9. All the powder ... p. 60, l. 7, or a few days.
 P. 68, l. 13. A spot for the fire ... p. 69, l. 3, grazing hard by.
 P. 85, l. 4. You look to ... p. 86, l. 3, to his side.
 P. 90, l. 1. The sun ... l. 17, ringing "for church."
 P. 103, l. 13. At the usual ... l. 22, The Master.

LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. *Early Years of the Black Prince.* See the accounts of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers in Froissart's *Chronicles*.

2. *The Murder of Becket.* For two different poetical representations of the scene see the dramas of Tennyson and Aubrey de Vere.

3. *The Coronation of Anne Boleyn* is represented in *King Henry the Eighth*, Act iv., Scene 1-- in all probability the work of Fletcher, not of Shakespeare.

4. *The Death of Sir Thomas More.* The contemporary account from Hall's *Chronicle* will be found in Robinson's *Readings in European History*, vol. ii.

5. *The Revenge.* Tennyson's poem closely follows this account, and a comparison of the versions is very instructive in the differences between prose and poetry.

6. *My First Bivouac.* Read the delightful account of a night in the open air in Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*.

7. *The Dead Sea.* Compare Stanley, *Sinai and Palestine*; Tristram, *The Land of Israel* (London, 1866).

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